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MRS. "GENERAL" BOOTH.

THE MOTHER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

A few weeks ago all the world was ringing with the news of the death of one of the most remarkable women of the time. People of all classes and creeds, whether otherwise in sympathy with the great movement of the Salvation Army or not, united in testifying to an appreciation of her worth. Said the *Methodist Times*, "The greatest Methodist woman of this generation has passed away, and London has recently witnessed in her funeral a tribute of popular devotion and esteem without a parallel in our time. We call her a Methodist, for a Methodist she was born, a Methodist she was reared, and a Methodist she would have been to this hour but for the folly and intolerance of those who at a critical moment drove her and her future husband out of the fold, and so deprived Methodism of one of the great original spiritual forces of the nineteenth century. What an irony there is in history! What subtle sarcasm lies in the fact that Wesleyan Methodism drove out William Booth for preaching the Gospel on a South London common, and the Methodist New Connection sacrificed his services because their wise men refused to see that he was manifestly called of God to be an evangelist! As we stand by the death-bed of Mrs. Booth, and realize what a world-centre of gracious influence that family has become, it is difficult to avoid bitterness when we remember that all that might have been Methodist."

Mrs. Booth seems to have inherited much of her talent from her father, who was in his day a speaker of considerable note and much in demand as a temperance lecturer. She was by nature unusually shy and retiring, and her most cherished companions were the books in her father's library. Married at the age of twenty-six, she travelled with her husband wherever his evangelistic duties called him, allowing neither health nor home duties of any kind to interfere with the, to them, most important of all business, the saving of souls. But not until her eldest child was over four years old was her voice ever heard in public. How the change came about is best told by herself by special request in one of her sermons.

"Perhaps, some of you," she said, "would hardly credit that I was one of the most timid and bashful disciples the Lord Jesus ever saved. For ten years of my Christian life my life was one daily battle with the cross—not because I wilfully rejected, as many do, for that I never dared to do. Oh, no! I used to make up my mind I would, and resolve and intend, and then, when the hour came, I used to fail for want of courage. I need not have failed. I now see how foolish I was, and how wrong; but, for some four or five months before I commenced speaking, the controversy had been signally roused in my soul which God had awakened years before, but which, through mistaken notions, fear, timidity, I had almost allowed to die out. I was brought to very severe heart-searchings at this time. I had not been realizing so much of the Divine presence. I had lost a great deal of the power and happiness I once enjoyed. During a season of sickness, one day it seemed as if the Lord revealed it all to me by his Spirit. I had no vision, but a revelation to my mind. He seemed to take me back to the time when I was

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.
From a Photograph taken at Clacton on Sea, December, 1889.

fifteen and sixteen, when I first gave my heart to him. He seemed to show me all the bitter way, how this one thing had been the fly in the pot of ointment, the bitter in the cup, and prevented me from realizing what I should otherwise have done. I felt how it had hindered the revelation of himself to me, and hindered me from growing in grace, and learning more of the deep things of God. He showed it to me, and then I remember prostrating myself upon my face before him, and I promised him there in the sick-room: "Lord, if thou wilt return unto me, as in the days of old, and re-visit me with those urgings of thy spirit which I used to have, I will obey, if I die in the attempt. I care not; I will obey." However, the Lord did not revisit me immediately. He let me recover and I went out again. About three months after that I went to the chapel of which my husband was a minister, and he had an extraordinary service. Even then he was trying something new to get the outside people. They were having a meeting in which ministers and friends in the town were taking part, and all giving their testimony and speaking for God. I was in the ministers' pew with my eldest boy, then four years old, and there was some thousand people present. I felt much more depressed than usual in spirit, and not expecting anything particular, but, as the testimonies went on I felt the Spirit come upon me. You alone who have felt it know what it means. It cannot be described. I felt it to the extremities of my fingers and toes. It seemed as if a voice said to me, 'Now, if you were to go and testify, you know I would bless it to your own soul as well as to the souls of the people,' and I gasped again, and I said in my soul, 'Yes, Lord, I believe thou wouldst but I cannot do it.' I had forgotten my vow—it did not occur to me at all. All in a moment, after I had said that to the Lord, I seemed to see the bedroom where I had lain, and to see myself as though I had been there prostrate before the Lord promising that, and then the voice seemed to say to me, 'Is this consistent with that promise?' and I almost jumped up and said, 'No, Lord, it is the old thing over again, but I cannot do it,' and I felt as though I would rather die than do it. And then the devil said, 'Besides, you are not prepared to speak. You will look like a fool, and have nothing to say.' He made a mistake. He overdid himself for once. It was that word settled it. I said, 'Ah! this is just the point. I have never yet been willing to be a fool for Christ, now I will be one;' and without stopping another moment I rose up in the seat and walked up the chapel. My dear husband was just going to conclude. He thought something had happened to me, and so did the people. We had been there two years, and they knew my timid, bashful nature. He stepped down to ask me, 'What is the matter, my dear?' I said, 'I want to say a word.' He was so taken by surprise, he could only say, 'My dear wife wants to say a word,' and sat down. He had been trying to persuade me to do it for ten years. I got up—God only knows how—and if any mortal ever did hang on the arm of Omnipotence, I did. I felt as if I were clinging to some human arm—and yet it was a Divine arm—to hold me. I just got up and told the people how it came about. I confessed, as I think everybody should, when they have been in the wrong and misrepresented the religion of Jesus Christ. I told the people, although I had been occupying all the positions of a minister's wife, though I was young then I had been doing a great deal more than many an elderly one does in the church of God, in the way of meeting believers, and visiting and working behind the scenes, so that they had all been regarding me as a very devoted woman, and I told them so. I said, 'I dare say many of you have been regarding me as a very devoted woman, and one who has been living faithfully to God, but I have come to know that I have been living in disobedience, and to that extent I have brought darkness and leanness into my soul, and I promised the Lord three or four months ago, and I dare not disobey. I have come to tell you this, and to promise the Lord that I will be obedient to the heavenly vision.'

"But, oh! how little I saw then what it involved. I never imagined the life of publicity it was going to lead me into, and of trial also; for I was never allowed to have another quiet Sabbath, when I could speak or stand up. All I took there was the pres-

ent step. I did not see in advance, but the Lord, as he always does, when his people are honest with him, and obedient, opened the windows of Heaven, and poured out such a blessing that there was not room to contain it.

"There was more weeping, they said, in the chapel that day than ever there had been before. Many dated a renewal in righteousness from that very moment, and began a life of devotion and consecration to God.

"Now, I might have 'talked good' to them till now, and that would never have happened. That honest confession, coming out and testifying the truth, did what twenty years' talk would never have done.

"The work went on. Whenever I spoke, the chapel used to be crowded to its utmost capacity and numbers were converted. Not to me but to God be all the glory. Shame to me that I did not begin sooner. It was not I who did this but the Holy Ghost, the holy spirit of God.

"The Lord dealt with me in a very wonderful way. Three months after this, my dear husband fell sick the first time, and he was obliged to go away into the country. A deputation waited on me to ask me to take his town appointments. I said I could not think of such a thing. What could I do with that great congregation? They must not ask me—and away they went. They came back again to know if I would take the nights, they implored and importuned me until I promised. So you see, God forced me to begin to think and work. I was obliged, and I did it with four little children, the eldest then four years and three months old. It looked an inopportune time, did it not, to begin to preach? It looked as though the Lord must have made a mistake. However, he gave me grace and strength, and enabled me to do it; and while I was nursing my baby, many a time I was thinking of what I was going to say next Sunday, and between times noted down with a pencil the thoughts as they struck. And then I would appear, sometimes, with an outline scratched in pencil, trusting in the Lord to give me the power of his Holy Spirit; and I think I can say from that day—and it is about nineteen years and nine months since—he has never allowed me to open my mouth without giving me signs of his presence and blessing. Don't you see that while the devil kept me silent he kept me comparatively fruitless; now I have ground to hope and expect to meet hundreds in glory whom God has made me instrumental in saving. The Lord dealt very tenderly with me, giving me great encouragement, but some things were dreadful to me at first. I would not go into pulpits till the people demanded it. And the first time I saw my name on a wall!—I shall never forget the sensation. Then my dear husband said, 'When you gave yourself to the Lord, did you not give him your name?" Thus he used to go from one thing to another, until now I have learned to glory in the Cross. When a dear friend was talking the other day about the tremendous undertaking it was to go to France and begin there, I said, 'My dear sir, I should not feel any more discomposed to go to France, and open there next Sunday, than I should to appear in St. Andrew's Hall, simply for this reason, that I believe God is the same in every place, and the same faith, and the same truths, and the same faithfulness will bring him to our help.' 'Ye are my witnesses,' saith the Lord, 'And, lo, I am with you alway!'

"Will you be encouraged, my sister? Never mind trembling. I trembled. Never mind your heart beating. Mine beat nearly through. Never mind how weak you are. I have gone many a time from the bed to the pulpit, and back from the pulpit to bed. It is not by human power, wisdom, might or strength—it is by my Spirit, saith the Lord. He loves to use the weak things, that the excellency may be seen to be of God. Were your neighbors sick of some devastating plague, and you could go and help them, would not you do it? Would you say, 'I am only a woman, and I cannot?' 'Oh,' you would say, 'let me go, like Miss Nightingale did, to the sick and wounded soldiers.' Let me go.' And these are not the bodies, but the souls. They are dying. They are going to an eternal death. Will you not rise up! Oh! Suppose all the Christians in this hall to-night were to begin, from this hour, to be faithful, and consistently testified everywhere for Jesus, what a commotion there would be! How many, think you, would be converted in a month's time? How would they begin flocking like doves to the windows? How would the ministers, some of them, begin to wake up? The people would go and beseech them morning, noon and night. God wants you to witness right out everywhere, in the darkest courts and alleys, and in Oxford street alike. Begin, and the Spirit of God will fall upon you, and however they may try to get rid of the Holy Ghost, they will not be able to do it when God has got hold of them. We catch thousands of people in this way who never intended to be converted. Every day I live the more I am convinced that if God's people were in desperate earnest, thousands would be won; but they are not likely to be won by the genteel fashion of putting the truth before them—so common now-a-days — because nobody thinks they are in danger! If you believe it, begin."

That any woman could accomplish even more than this and not neglect her family, many are still slow to believe; but that one woman did, all who know her are ready to testify. The paper above quoted declares:

"Nothing about Mrs. Booth was more lovely and admirable than the pre-eminent importance which she always attached to the training of children. Faithfully she has dealt with many a fashionable and many a titled mother—for her ministry was far more influential in the high places of the land than most people are aware—but always, whether rich or poor, the burden of her message has been the same: 'Get your children saved!' And it is a very remarkable fact that every child of hers was saved, and soundly saved, at an early age.' Grace is not hereditary, but all the Booths have been effectively called to the Christian ministry. Other men have founded religious organizations: the General and his wife alone in the history of Christianity have reared a family capable of carrying on the work when they pass away. The family is, perhaps, more unique than the Army itself. Each child was dedicated to God from the first and the whole of its training was directed to the end of making it a Salvation Soldier. But Mrs. Booth's last word on the whole matter strikes the true note. 'Try,' she said to a friend as she was very near her end—'try to raise up mothers. Mothers—mothers are the want of the world!"

Another writer in the *British Weekly* says: "When, exhausted and weary, the minister's wife came home from her missions, she drew her little children to her with an anxious mother's yearning love. Because the Master whom she served sent her to do his work should these babes be without a mother's care? No, she would be as good a mother to them as if, besides their education, she had no duties to attend to, and though she had only means for keeping one servant, a governess being quite out of the question, the children should not be neglected, body or soul. Temptations came—sore temptations—to a mother's heart. An offer was made to Mrs. Booth by a wealthy friend to give her eldest son an academical education on the condition that he should become a lawyer. Another friend offered to give one of her daughters who had a special talent for music, a thorough musical training at a fashionable and expensive girls' school at Brighton; but the mother never wavered in her decision that her children must be brought up for the service of God on earth, a position for which they would be hardly suitable if the pomps and vanities of the world had been brought so close to them."

For three years before her death Mrs. Booth suffered with the fatal cancer, and for some time before she ceased to appear in public her arm and hand were partly paralyzed. This accounted for her way of wearing her hair loose in its natural curls, because she was unable to do it up.

One of her last messages as she lay on her bed of suffering at Clacton-on-Sea was:

MY DEAR CHILDREN AND FRIENDS,—I have loved you much, and in God's strength have helped you a little. Now, at his call, I am going away from you. The war must go on. Self-denial will prove your love to Christ. All must do something. I send you my blessing. Fight on and God will be with you. Victory comes at last. I will meet you in heaven. CATHERINE BOOTH.

HIS LITTLE ONES.

"I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not: I will help thee."—Isa. 41:13.

Yes, his little ones he holdeth
With his own right hand,
Teaching them so tenderly
Just to learn to stand.

Yes, his little ones he guardeth
With a watchful eye,
Warning them when danger cometh,
Standing ever nigh.

Yes, his little ones, he biddeth
With his tender voice
"Fear thou not; for I am with thee;
So be glad, rejoice."

Yes, his little ones he shieldeth
In temptation's hour,
Keeping them from poisoned arrows
Of the tempter's power.

Yes, his little ones he bringeth
When earth's flight is o'er
Victors, through his great salvation,
To his peaceful shore.

—*Cecilia Havergal.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN KINGS.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 4, 1891.

THE KINGDOM DIVIDED.—1 Kings 12:1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."—Prov. 16:18.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 7:1-17.—The Kingdom of David.
T. 2 Sam. 12:1-10.—The Sin of David.
W. 1 Kings 11:1-13.—The Sin of Solomon.
Th. 1 Kings 11:21-40.—The Adversaries of Solomon.
F. 1 Kings 12:1-17.—The Kingdom Divided.
S. Prov. 16:1-20.—Pride before Destruction.
S. Prov. 13:14-25.—A Companion of Fools.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Rehoboam's Opportunity. vs. 1-5.
II. Rehoboam's Folly. vs. 6-15.
III. Rehoboam's Rent Kingdom. vs. 16, 17.

TIME.—B.C. 975. Rehoboam reined seventeen years, B.C. 975-957.

PLACE.—Shechem, between Mts. Ebal and Gerizim, in the tribe of Ephraim.

OPENING WORDS.

Solomon died B. C. 975. The Lord had foretold to him that on account of his sins only a part of his kingdom should descend to his son. His last years were disturbed with the beginnings of the revolution. The heavy burdens which he had laid upon his subjects caused much discontent. The jealous rivalry of Ephraim and Judah, added fuel to the flame, and the harsh, foolish and impolitic course of Rehoboam, his son and successor, brought about the judgment denounced against him in the rending of his kingdom at his death. Parallel account, 2 Chron. 10.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *Rehoboam*—no other son of Solomon is mentioned in the Bible. His mother was Naamah an Ammonitess. (See 1 Kings 14:21.) *Jeroboam*—for his previous history see Home Reading for Thursday. V. 4. *Make our yoke grievous*—by excessive taxation, military service, forced labor on his public works, etc. V. 6. *Stood before*—held office as his counsellors. V. 7. *If thou will be a servant*—acting for our good. *Thy servants*—loyal and faithful subjects. V. 8. *Young men*—inexperienced and unacquainted with popular wants. V. 10. *Finger....loins*—a proverbial expression denoting his purpose to lay upon them still heavier exactions. V. 11. *Scorpions*—whips with many lashes armed with sharp iron points. V. 13. *Roughly*—he forgot the power of a soft answer. Prov. 15:1. God's purpose, as it had been declared to Solomon (ch. 11:29-39), came to pass through this folly of Rehoboam. V. 15. *The cause*—the turn of events; the revolt. *Perform his saying*—inflict the threatened punishment. V. 15. *What portion*—the signal cry of revolt. (See 2 Sam. 20:1.) *To your tents*—let each tribe return to its bounds and rally around its own standard for war, if need be. *See to thine own house*—reign over your own tribe of Judah. V. 17. *Children of Israel*—Israelites not of the tribe of Judah, but dwelling within the territory of that tribe.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who were the first three kings of the Israelites? How long did each of them reign? When did Solomon die? Who succeeded him? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. REHOBOAM'S OPPORTUNITY. vs. 1-5.—For what purpose did Rehoboam go to Shechem? For whom did the people send? What do you know of Jeroboam's previous history? What complaint did the people make? What was their appeal? What was Rehoboam's reply?

II. REHOBOAM'S FOLLY. vs. 6-15.—Whose counsel did Rehoboam first ask? What was their advice? Whom did he then consult? What counsel did they give? Which was the better counsel? Whose counsel did he forget to ask? (See James 1:5.) What is prayer? What foolish decision did he make? How did he answer the people? What wise saying of his father did he forget? Prov. 16:21. What will a soft answer sometimes do? Prov. 15:1. What rash and foolish threats did he make? Why did he not hearken to the people?

III. REHOBOAM'S RENT KINGDOM. vs 16, 17.—What did the people reply? What did they do? What prophecy did this fulfil? How does the case of Rehoboam illustrate the Golden Text? How many tribes rebelled against Rehoboam? How many remained faithful? What did the people rashly disclaim? Who is called the Son of David? Matt. 1:1. What is it to have no part in him? 1 John 5:12. What will be the consequence to those who reject the counsels of wisdom? Prov. 1:31, 32.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we should seek and follow the counsel of the wise and experienced.
2. That we should avoid harsh and unkind words.
3. That we should not let pride or anger lead us to do foolish and hasty things.
4. That we should always seek wisdom from God, the Giver of wisdom.
5. That God overrules for his own ends what he permits to come to pass.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Who succeeded Solomon as king? Ans. His son Rehoboam.
2. What appeal did the people make to him? Ans. They asked him to lighten the burdens his father had laid upon them.
3. What counsel did he receive? Ans. The old men advised him to grant the people's request; the young men counselled him to give a harsh refusal.
3. What did Rehoboam do? Ans. He followed the counsel of the young men.
5. What was the consequence of his folly? Ans. Ten of the tribes rebelled against him and made Jeroboam their king.

LESSON II.—JANUARY 11, 1891.

IDOLATRY IN ISRAEL.—1 Kings 12:25-33.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image."—Ex. 20:4.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ex. 20:1-17.—The Ten Words.
T. Deut. 4:1-20.—Idolatry Forbidden.
W. Ex. 32:1-20.—Idolatry at Sinai.
Th. 1 Kings 12:25-33.—Idolatry in Israel.
F. Deut. 12:1-14.—True Place of Worship.
S. Isa. 44:6-20.—The Folly of Idolatry.
S. Hos. 10:1-15.—The Penalty of Idolatry.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Jeroboam's Fear. vs. 25-27.
II. Jeroboam's Sin. vs. 28-30.
III. Jeroboam's Feasts. vs. 31-33.

TIME.—B. C. 975, soon after the division of the kingdom.

PLACES.—Shechem, Bethel, Dan.

OPENING WORDS.

Rehoboam collected a large army to subdue his rebellious subjects. But the prophet Shemaiah, in the name of the Lord, forbade a civil war. Jeroboam reigned over ten tribes, or Israel, and Rehoboam over Judah. Our lesson to-day tells us of some of the measures taken by Jeroboam to strengthen and perpetuate his kingdom. Parallel passages, Chron. 11, 12.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 25. *Built*—enlarged and fortified. *Dwelt there*—made it his capital. *Penuel*—beyond Jordan, between Jabbok (Gen. 32:22) and Succoth. Gen. 33:17. (Compare Judges 8:5, 8, 17.) V. 26. *The kingdom shall return*—in his worldy policy he forgot on what terms a permanent kingdom had been promised him. 1 Kings 11:38. V. 28. *Two calves*—symbols taken from the objects of worship common in Egypt. *Thy Gods*—rather, "thy god." Jeroboam did not intend to substitute the calves for Jehovah, but to use them as visible symbols of Jehovah in the worship offered to him. (Compare Ex. 32:4.) V. 29. *Bethel*—twelve miles north of Jerusalem, on the southern boundary of his kingdom. *Dan*—at the northern extremity, about ninety miles from Bethel. V. 30. *Became a sin*—was the occasion of sin. V. 31.—*An house of high places*—a temple at each of the two cities. *The lowest of the people*—Revised Version, "from among all the people." *Not of the sons of Levi*—to which the priestly office solely belonged. V. 32. *A feast*—in place of the feast of tabernacles. *Eighth month*—instead of the seventh. He changed not only the place and the priest, but also the time of the service. V. 33. *He offered*—he himself acted as a priest.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What demand did the people make at Shechem? What did Rehoboam reply? What was the result? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses.

I. JEROBOAM'S FEAR. vs. 25-27.—What two cities did Jeroboam build? What did he fear? What had God promised him? 1 Kings 11:38. What did he wish to prevent? How could he have established his kingdom?

II. JEROBOAM'S SIN. vs. 28-30.—What did the king do? What did he say to the people? Where did he set up these images? Why were these places chosen?

III. JEROBOAM'S FEASTS. vs. 31-33.—What else did Jeroboam make? What law did this violate? Deut. 12:11-14. Whom did he make priests? How did this violate the law? What feast did he establish? How was this a violation of the law? In what other respect did he sin? Which is the second commandment? What is required by it? What forbidden?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That sin has its beginning in the heart.
2. That one sin multiplies into many sins.
3. That it is a fearful thing to cause others to sin.
4. That nothing should lead us to forsake God.
5. That we are not to use images or pictures in the worship of God.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Who became king of the ten tribes of Israel? Ans. Jeroboam the son of Nebat.
2. Why was Jeroboam unwilling that his people should go to Jerusalem to worship? Ans. He feared they would turn again to Rehoboam, king of Judah.
3. What did he do to prevent it? Ans. He set up two golden calves to be worshipped—one at Bethel, and the other at Dan.
4. Whom did he make priests? Ans. Men who did not belong to the priestly tribe of Levi.
5. What feast did he establish? Ans. One like the feast of tabernacles, but held a month later.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A RISING QUESTION.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

"How do you ever get your boys up in the morning, Mrs. Berry?" asked one mother of another. "We ring bells, and call and call, and at last their father has to go upstairs, and fairly drag them out of bed."

"At what time do they retire?" inquired her friend in return.

"Oh—not late. It doesn't seem to make much difference when they go to bed. They hate to get up just the same when they go early as when they go late. They are always in bed before the rest of us start, and none of us sit up later than eleven."

"But your eldest boy is only fourteen. Doesn't he go to bed before ten?"

"Oh, yes, generally. But they do hate to start, and it is apt to be later than we intended when they are fairly in bed."

It was plainly to be seen that the reason why those boys disliked to rise in the morning was because they went to bed too late at night; but the mother did not half believe it, and she could scarcely credit Mrs. Berry's statement that it was with difficulty her three boys—who were a trifle older, respectively, than her friend's—could be kept up till their retiring hour, which was seldom later than half-past eight for the very eldest.

"What! that great boy, six feet tall, going to bed at half-past eight!" exclaimed Mrs. Berry's friend. "How absurd!"

"It is on account of his rapid growth that he needs sleep," said Mrs. Berry, warmly. "His system must have been severely taxed by it, and we are trying to keep him from undue study or strains of any kind."

In her secret soul Mrs. Berry's friend thought that those boys were in a fair way to be ruined by such a hyper-careful mother; but as she knew that they were all bright scholars, and noted for their proficiency in athletic sports, she could not "put her finger," as the saying is, upon any specially bad results of Mrs. Berry's training.

If mothers would only realize that care and thought are needed when children are well—every hour—there would be much less need of care and thought for sick ones. "In time of peace, prepare for war."

If healthy boys are kept properly busy all day, they should be tired enough to be willing to go to bed. Plenty of fresh air and exercise, and a generous, wholesome diet, should make boys sleepy at a regular time, and that early, every evening. A great deal, however, will depend upon the training to which they have been accustomed from infancy.

When a healthy baby is about a year old it is mature enough to go to sleep by itself, at about six o'clock, and to sleep all night. On no account should the rule of putting it to bed at a regular hour, and alone, be broken. It should be warm, well-fed, comfortable, and then, by a week's time, it will learn to go to sleep when laid in its usual nest. At six or seven years of age a child who has been brought up from babyhood to go to bed regularly will retire, after a light, plain supper, at seven or half-past, according to the season of the year, without wishing to sit up later. As he grows older, his bed-time should be judiciously advanced, but at sixteen a boy, who has to rise at six or half-past, should not sit up later than nine, and not so late as that if he is growing fast. If possible, have each boy sleep alone; at any rate, be sure that a current of fresh air runs through their rooms, and that the bed clothing is adjusted to the temperature. Too many coverlets have often made a boy toss all night, and waken unrefreshed in the morning. Lack of sound sleep during the night is a prolific cause of unwillingness to get up in the morning.

See that your boy knows how to make his bed neatly. In emergencies in a family, and even as a regular duty where there is insufficient service, it is most convenient that he should know how to perform this work, and it may some time be of the greatest use to him. There is nothing in the act which is derogatory to a boy's dignity. It is not advisable to provide delicate decorations for a boy's room, especially if two or three boys share the same apartment. A few pillow (or other) fights, which will sometimes occur even in the best-regulated families, will soon ruin fanciful furnishings; but the room should be neat, and should be kept so.

Boys should not habitually eat dinner at night before the age of twelve, and even then not later than six o'clock. It is most imprudent to allow children to go to bed within two hours after their dinner. If possible, have all their studying out of the way before dark. The pitiful stories which are told of boys who study up to their retiring hour, and then talk, and even walk about, in the night, are heart-sickening. Pleasant games and entertaining books (read aloud in the family circle, if possible) should fill the hours between the last meal of the day and bedtime.

Boys brought up in this way will be ready to get up in the morning, and they will develop into men who will not acquire readily the horrible prevailing insomnia. Each night should be to everybody like that peaceful one, so beautifully described by the poet when he personified the night as the fairy mother, who

—slid down one long stream of sighing wind,
And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep.

—*Congregationalist.*

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

When furniture is badly fly-specked it can be washed off with cold water and a soft rag, then polished with kerosene applied on a rag. Even a piano can be cleaned and polished after this fashion. The polishing is largely a matter of long strokes well applied with the hand or arm.

Mirrors which are fly-specked should be first washed off in cold water, and then polished with a chamois skin dipped in alcohol.

During the damp weather which sometimes comes in summer, iron and steel articles will accumulate more or less of rust, unless much caution be used to prevent it. If the smaller articles are rubbed in boiled linseed oil, it will sometimes prevent this. Or yet an application of a mixture of one-half ounce camphor gum in one pound of clarified lard, with black lead sufficient to give it a black color, can be rubbed on any or all articles of iron or steel, and it will prevent their rusting. After the application has been fully made, it is left on for twenty-four hours, and then wiped off with a linen rag.

Picture frames of gilt can be cleaned by dipping a small sponge in alcohol and wiping them gently off.

White straw matting should be occasionally wiped off with salt and water. It will prevent its turning yellow. Or yet a very thin coat of varnish can be applied to matting, and it will keep it from wearing off so quickly as it otherwise would do.

Spots on door-plates, door-handles and on paint can be cleaned by wiping off with a weak solution of ammonia and water.

Cornices, mountings and picture frames of gilt should be carefully wiped off with a soft bit of canton flannel, dipped in water in which a very little borax has been dissolved. They should be rubbed with exceeding care, lest their lustre be tarnished. A coating of copal varnish improves either new or old gilt frames, and fly-specks can be more readily wiped off.

All lamps should be kept very bright and clear, the wicks well trimmed, and the air-holes free from dust or dirt. If wicks are boiled in water in which a trifle of soda has been dissolved, they will burn with a clearer and steadier light than if put into the lamp without previous preparation. Chimneys, if good crown or tempered glass, ought to bear the heat well, and not crack upon any ordinary exposure. But any glass will bear to be put into cold water and boiled before using, being toughened thereby. This rule applies equally well to lamp chimneys, and to other glass utensils in common use.—*Christian at Work.*

HANG THE MATCH-SAFE HIGH.

One cannot begin too early to try to teach little children that matches kindle fire, and fire will burn. Young children understand things plainly taught them earlier than many grown people think possible.

Of course it is for a time a puzzle, for a "little tot," to see clearly—"why his or her elders freely handle fire if it will burn. If matches will burn baby, why will they not burn mamma?"

Example will do much toward making children careful in handling matches. If they see the "grown-ups" use proper prudence, when lighting matches, it will impress them that they, too, must be careful.

But all children are not alike easily governed, as we recall two little fellows, equally bright, who were given alike the same loving care and instruction as to the danger of playing with matches. One, if finding a match upon the floor, would carry it to his mother, saying, "put it up, or it'll burn Arthur."

The other little man seemed possessed with a desire to play with matches and "light a fire."

A few days ago, a two-year-old, brown-eyed baby girl, left a desolate home and heartbroken parents, who had never dreamed that—"such a wee thing could climb upon the dresser, reach from the brackets the covered matches, and fatally burn herself."

Having occasion to go out for a little time the mother left little Greta with her grandmother.

The child, a restless, merry one, soon went into "mamma's room," and indulged in a romp with kitty.

The infirm grandmother called repeatedly—"Are you there, Greta?" resting easily regarding her safety until Greta screamed as if in agony.

The poor old lady lost presence of mind when she saw the "baby" sitting upon the dresser enveloped in flames. Instead of attempting to smother the fire, she carried her to the kitchen sink through the draughty stairway, setting her own clothes on fire. Help came immediately, but baby was fatally burned.

A few hours before her death Greta was free from pain and able to speak. The beautiful eyes looked natural again.

"Mamma," she said, in a weak little voice, "Me is solly, so solly, I climbed up on'ee dresser—I dot matches—I lighted um, an' burned me pitty apron, an' booful dress, an' I cried for dramma. Is you solly your baby was so bad? Baby'll never burn matches, don't want to see 'em shine any more."

In spite of medical aid and loving care "baby" died, and the lonely young mother says again and again, "if I had only kept those matches hanging high upon the wall in a strong metal match-safe, instead of keeping them in a frail little shell, upon the dresser. Who could have thought of the darling climbing upon it?"

The feet of restless little toddlers carry them about swiftly and often into dangers. Mothers, even the most careful and devoted ones, cannot always have them in sight, and other guardians are not always careful ones. But one may endeavor to keep dangerous things out of harm's way.—*The Christian Weekly.*

USEFUL HINTS.

DISH-CLOTHS AND HOLDERS.

Young housekeepers, especially, are sometimes puzzled to know what to use for dish-cloths, as they have no old linen. New linen is stiff, and old wears out so quickly that it is not very satisfactory. New cheese-cloth makes very good dish-cloths; it is soft, easily kept clean and dries quickly. Take a piece twice as large as you wish your dish-cloth to be, and sew it it into a bag; then turn it, fold in the edges and stitch the open end together. Quilt it across three or four times, and you have a good dish-cloth. It will take but a few minutes to make three or four of these. The checked linen that comes for that purpose makes the best cup-towels. They should be one yard long, and one should have at least four of them. Be sure that they are washed, rinsed and hung up to dry, out of doors in pleasant weather, every morning, and go into the family wash every week, and they will always be sweet and clean.

Never permit either dish-cloth or cup-towel to be used as a holder. Have two or three holders made of three thicknesses of crash, with a brass ring sewed to one corner to hang them up by. These can be washed and kept clean. A square of crash towelling is better than a holder for lifting bread, cake, etc., from the oven, but keep it for this purpose only. I know one woman who has a piece of tape about three quarters of a yard long, sewed to the bands of her kitchen aprons, and when she puts on her apron she slips the end of the tape through the ring in the corner of the holder and fastens it with a slip-knot, like a halter knot, then her holder is at her hand when she wants it, and she is not tempted to use her apron as a holder.—*Exchange.*

TAKE CARE OF THE GIRLS.

While I fully believe that every girl should be taught to work, at an early age be given some responsibility, yet great care must be exercised that too heavy work is not given to the young and growing girl. Many mothers, without thought of doing wrong, put the care of young children on the eldest daughter, although she is only ten or twelve years old. The fretful, teething baby must be kept quiet, and sister lifts and carries him until arms and back ache. I know a lady who has suffered for years with a weak back, the result of carrying one of the younger children. She says: "I have no doubt it has robbed me of ten years of life, besides causing untold suffering. Mother did not know that it would hurt me, and so the mischief was done."

Young girls are often allowed to lift heavy tubs and boilers on wash-days, buckets of milk and cream in the dairy, and more heavy pieces of furniture at house-cleaning time. They feel strong and do not know that it will hurt them. Girls from ten to fifteen years of age cannot be looked after too carefully. Their life is all before them, and its happiness and usefulness largely depend on physical health and strength.—*Farm and Fireside.*

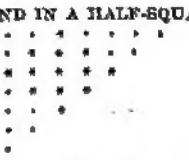
PUZZLES NO. 25.

THREE WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

In each of the following sentences behead and curtail the word represented by the long dash, and there will remain three words, which may replace the three short dashes. Example: It is Sue at the door — —!— I am glad of a —. Answer: Y-is-it-o-r.

1. Joseph's brethren seemed to think — — — — place to hide him in.
2. When such a claim — — — there is but little use in — it.
3. One would gaze — — — admiration, no matter how large the — at which she was met.
4. His success in — — — acknowledged fact by enemies as well as devoted —.
5. We look with admiration — — — of the career of Napoleon —.

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Blotted out. 2. Cut off or suppressed, as a syllable. 3. Cloth made of flax or hemp. 4. A paradise. 5. A numeral. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In diamond.

INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In nimble. 2. A cover. 3. Cloth made from flax or hemp. 4. A cave. 5. In nimble.

ZIGZAG.

Each of the words described contains four letters. The zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of an Indian girl.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To ripple. 2. To observe. 3. An instrument of torture. 4. A volcanic mountain of Sicily. 5. A Roman emperor who reigned but three months. 6. A burrowing animal. 7. Close at hand. 8. A minute particle. 9. A decree. 10. The principal goddess worshipped by the Egyptians.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 24.

A PYRAMID.

O
O A R
T E L I C
O U T R U S H
B R I T T A N I A
E S T A B L I S H E R
R E C O N S T R U C T E D

Primals—October. Finals—Orchard.

A STAR.

P
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K E N N E L
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R

BIOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAM.

9. Publius Virgilius Maro, Mantua, Italy, epic poet, antiquity, Eclogues, Georgics, Æneid, Augustus, Eclogues, Hallowe'en, Dryden.

AMERICAN CHARADE.—Wordsworth.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

Messenger Puzzlers! we have not heard from you for quite a while. Is it not time for you to come again? Send in answers to these puzzles anyway, and with the answers why not send one or two of your own composing as well. With all your letters be sure to give your full name and post-office address. Only your *nom-de-plume* will be published if you so wish.

EDITOR PUZZLES.

The Family Circle.

"I MOURN NOT NOW THE DYING YEAR."

I mourn not now the dying year,
I call not back the vanished past;
No vain regret shall vex me here,
Nor doubts perplex to hold me fast.
Enough that from myself I turn,
Still conscious of my sin and wrong—
That thoughts of love within me burn,
And move my heart to song.

O love Divine, love manifest,
In the vast world that round me lies;
That, knowing what for each is best,
In wisdom grants, or else denies;
O'er sun and stars, o'er land and sea
Rules undisturbed with ceaseless care,
Yet condescends to compass me,
And with my weakness bear.

The hurrying years may come and go,
My heart with joy or sorrow fill;
Yet evermore 'tis mine to know
That I am close environed still;
Forgotten not, though I forget,
Still guarded, though I wayward be;
Dear Lord, this is thy love, and yet
How poor is mine for thee!

No king whom armies close surround,
Sits on his throne as firm and sure;
No state with power and blessings crowned,
Can hold its subjects so secure.
Oh sweet persuasion that to-night
Assures what is, and is to be,
That life nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Can take my Lord from me.

Oh, rest of faith—the gift of love—
That dies not with the dying years;
How brighter now the heaven above,
How fair this lower world appears!
No marvel that from self I turn,
Though conscious of my sin and wrong;
That thoughts of love within me burn,
And move my heart to song.

—*Anson D. F. Randolph.*

SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

The Rev. Thomas Kelton had walked a mile in a stiff January wind to consult Esquire Crowther, a member of his congregation, on a question of finance that concerned their church property.

"I am not a member of your church," said Esquire Crowther, after listening to the reverend gentleman's plea.

"Of that I am aware, but you ought to be, on account of your influence in the community; and then, too, you are old enough to begin to think of such things. Why not come into the church right away, now, at this crisis of affairs? It would be an excellent thing."

"I would not hesitate a moment were I a Christian, but I do not know that I am."

"I want to be a Christian, Mr. Kelton, and I want to join the church," said little Eva Crowther, who had been all along in the bay-window.

As she spoke, she left the picture scrapbook she was neatly pasting, and, crossing the room, stood, with her hands behind her, in front of her father and his caller.

"We don't admit babies to regular fellowship," laughed the minister, catching the beautiful child in his arms and kissing her. "Go back to your dolls. When you are old enough to talk of such things, I will listen."

"Mr. Wheeler, who preaches such lovely children's sermons down at the borough hall every Sunday at five o'clock, will listen now," said Eva, struggling to her feet again, and rubbing her face with her pocket-handkerchief. "I think I like that church best, but because you are our minister, I didn't know but I ought to tell you first. If you won't have me, of course I shall have to go to Mr. Wheeler. And I don't play with dolls any more. I have sent every one of mine to the poor little children at the hospital, and now I am pasting a scrapbook for them," and she tripped away to her work.

"The idea!" said Mr. Kelton, indignantly. "That is what comes of allowing a child to go to hear such sensational preaching. I should get these notions out of her head just as soon as I could."

Esquire Crowther looked very grave, as he replied, "I don't believe I should dare take that responsibility. My daughter is ten years old, bright and intelligent, but by no means a prodigy. She knew her own mind about sending away her dolls. I am inclined to think that she is not mistaken in her feelings now. I was interested in religion when I was nine. I was not in any way encouraged; in fact, I was discouraged by ridicule. After a time I tried to give the matter up, but I had a miserable, unsettled boyhood, and, in fact, I am in the same state of mind still. It was the Lord Jesus himself who said, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me.' I believe that was intended for all time. I believe that the Holy Spirit speaks to every child's heart its loving invitation, and that children who are taught to trust in God, to fear God and to love God are a great deal happier and more free from care, and are stronger to resist their little temptations, than are those who have no such fortress for protection."

"Well, well, you are the last man to enter so deeply into spiritual things; you quite take away my breath," said the Rev. Mr. Kelton, who was a great business manager, and had been hired because the church was in a low state financially. It was also in a low state spiritually, but it was hoped that after the money part was all right the spiritual part would somehow right itself. "We've wandered entirely from our subject, and I am to meet the society this evening and report what I have got pledged. I have several others to see, but I want your name first; it will act as an incentive. You are one of the safe people. Followers in your lead are never wanting."

"I shall have to think more about it. I am not yet settled in my mind as to what is best," and the disappointed minister went out again into the cold wind, surprised and disturbed at the result of his visit.

"I heard what you told Mr. Kelton, papa," said Eva, coming over to her father and seating herself on the arm of his chair, "and I understand all about it. Cousin Charlie feels just as you did, and he is ten. He is coming over pretty soon with the scrap book he is making for the hospital, and why can't we all go together to Mr. Wheeler's? He is nice and gentle, and would not think of catching me and rumpling me all up and kissing me in such a way," and, producing her tiny handkerchief, the child rubbed her face again. "Here comes Charlie now; I wish you would go with us."

Esquire Crowther allowed himself to be persuaded, and presently the trio were at Pastor Wheeler's door.

"Please say to Mr. Wheeler that a little girl and two boys would like to see him," said Mr. Crowther to the servant, who smiled as he announced them.

"I am very glad; I am always pleased to see my little friends. Show them right in," they heard a cheery voice say through the open study door.

As the owner of the voice came forward and his eyes fell upon Esquire Crowther's six feet in height and two hundred pounds avoirdupois, he laughed heartily, shaking hands, however, and finding seats for his visitors with great cordiality.

"You are to treat me exactly as you do the children," said Mr. Crowther. "I am no further advanced spiritually than they."

"We have all come, papa and all, to talk about Jesus," said Eva, whose childish courage had not yet been daunted by the failures of life. "Our minister won't have anything to do with Charlie and me; he calls us babies, and laughs at us because we want to be Christians. And papa says that is just the way he was treated when he was a boy, and so that is why he calls himself a boy, you see. Of course our minister wants papa now. He came this morning to ask for some money to pay the church debt, and he said, 'Why, you ought to join our church.'"

The two gentlemen smiled at Eva's artlessness, but the minister said immediately, "I think we shall have to kneel and tell God about this. I will pray first, and then I trust you will each follow me."

Esquire Crowther had never before in his life uttered an audible prayer. He thought it would be hard, but after he had listened to the petitions of the children, the Spirit gave him utterance and he prayed.

"I never felt so happy in my life before," said he, as he stood up. "I seem to be relieved of a heavy burden that I have been needlessly carrying all these years."

"I think your experience is for our example," said the pastor. "Since I have been in the habit of speaking for a few minutes every Sunday afternoon to the children, I have had a good many little inquirers. Some of our members who think it incumbent upon them to follow in the traditions of the First Church, consider it unwise to listen to the children with anything like encouragement towards receiving them. You are sent just at this time to fortify me in my belief that children may be earnest, sincere, helpful Christians."

"I would not unite with a church that would not receive my little motherless girl, who has encouraged me to set my feet upon the solid Rock," said Esquire Crowther. And that was what he said when he related his experience and stated his views at the weekly prayer-meeting that evening.

There was some opposition to receiving the children, but Mr. Wheeler said, "I want to show the world what a church may do with members that make an early surrender to the dear Lord, and live their whole lives engaged in his service."

"We children can do a great deal," said Eva to Pastor Wheeler next day. "My cousin Charlie and I have each ten dollars all our own, and we want to pay it toward building a new church. We met Mr. Kelton last night, and he said we were not wise to join a church that had not a building to its name. So we thought we would start about a building right away."

That indeed was the nucleus of the building fund, that grew rapidly. Many children came forward, and with them older relatives, in more than one instance parents and grandparents.

And have the children held out? Indeed, yes. The church has been wonderfully prospered. The new converts were worshipping in their new and substantial edifice long before the debt of the old church was paid; and the new church is as flourishing as a green bay tree; for the members are young, strong, wide-awake, earnest Christians.—*Golden Rule.*

"KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE."

BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

Annis Brown was puzzled! She had thought herself given wholly to the Lord, and that her offerings for his cause were all that could be expected from one having so small an income. "A tithe?" Yes, certainly! The Christian dispensation required no less of giving, at least, than devolved upon the Jews!

But really after the necessary expenses of living were met, the tithe of what was left was not very much of an addition to the master's treasury. Now and then conscience gave a little twinge as the question, "What are 'necessary expenses'?" forced itself to mind. And it was this uneasiness which sent her one day to the story of the first tithes brought "into the storehouse."

There was Jacob's vow at Bethel: "Of all thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee;" there were the directions unto the Israelites to bring the first-fruits—"the tithes of the ground"—for the maintenance of the Levites; there was the blessing of the people when, in Hezekiah's time, they brought "in abundance" the tithes of oxen and sheep and the tithe of holy things which were consecrated unto the Lord their God." Everywhere a tithe of all—no mention of a reserve from which they themselves should live, and then a tithe of the remainder given to God. It is always, "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruit of all thy increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

This was decidedly a novel view of the case, a troublesome as well as a puzzling view. After a firm belief that one's purse is soundly converted, a comfortable feeling of having always been generous, and a real contempt for stingy people—after all this, you will acknowledge that it is mortifying to find only that one has never given, but that one has actually withheld what was due—has stolen from the Lord. Add to this the surprising revelation that one is not quite willing to lay aside one dollar of every ten received, for the Lord's service, and you will not wonder that Annis Brown was both puzzled and troubled.

But there it stood! A duty so plainly shown that she could not pass round it without entering a "by and forbidden path." "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." There was nothing to do but to pray for the spirit of the "cheerful giver."

The victory once gained, how delightful it was. Somehow money never seemed to go so far before! From each payment for services a tithe went promptly into the box, on the bottom of which was written, "Kept for the Master's use."

Missionary Sunday came, and the pastor made a stirring appeal. A year ago she had heard just such another, and the twenty-five cents which she meant to give was doubled, as a result of the eloquence, when the box was passed; but by the time she reached home her enthusiasm had somewhat cooled, and she decided that a quarter was really all she ought to have given. But this time she knew just where she stood. She had noted the contents of her box that very morning, and the question was simply, "How much of this money does the Lord wish put into the missionary treasury?" And the two-dollar bill that dropped into the collection, knew—if money has consciousness—that the three dollars left behind were waiting till the claims of the "Woman's Foreign" were presented. Forgive her, dear brethren, that, being a woman, woman's work came a little nearer to her heart than the general work.

"What will you do for these pressing needs?" asked a gifted speaker as she closed a sad story of suffering and ignorance and wrong. Oh, the thrill of joy that came to the heart of Annis Brown at the thought: "There is money to help supply this need, already waiting, 'Kept for the Master's use.'" From National headquarters came the call for "thanksgiving offerings" for F. & D. M. The envelope which carried that of Annis Brown bore the text which she had just found—a fresh nugget from the inexhaustible mine, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

And if, now and then, the account in this consecrated bank was overdrawn, can you imagine the pleasure of really giving to the Lord? I have no story to tell of wonderful inflows of money that followed the new plan. But, somehow, there was a wondrous blessing "in basket and in store," a spending power like that of the cruise of oil in Zarephath. And with this came a sweet rest and peace and communion with the Lord, in giving, that nothing would tempt Annis Brown to go back to the haphazard way of giving "as the spirit moved," and supposing that she thus fulfilled her whole duty.—*Selected.*

"UNTIL YOU FEEL IT."

A woman went round my church to get offerings from the women of the congregation for foreign missions, and her uniform plea was, "You can give this, and you will not feel it a bit." That was the damaging recommendation. That is the trouble in the Church of Christ. We give and we do not feel it; neither does the world feel it very much! I cannot conceive how God can take much pleasure in a gift that costs us nothing; and I pray God never to let me use such an argument as that; rather give until you do feel it.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson.*

CIDER.

Is it right to make cider? Is it right to drink cider? These questions are asked us. Certainly it is right to make cider, if the cider is used for vinegar. The drinking of cider rests right here: It soon contains more alcohol than lager beer does, and more than some of the light wines. Besides this, the alcohol seems to be so combined with injurious ingredients that it operates with more than usual effect. It is often said that a "cider drunk" is the worst kind of a drunk; and it is. We have seen men drunk on cider who seemed to be more stupid than any man would ever become in the same degree of drunkenness on liquor. In view of these facts we do not believe that any one who believes it wrong to drink beer or wine will conclude that he is justified in drinking cider. —*Western Rural.*

Greeting
1891
If heartiest love were only power
A gladde New Yeare in everie houre
Wold make for thee
All free from care all bright & fair
Each daie should be

CHRISTMAS CULT AND FOLK LORE.

BY R. A. OAKES.

Mythologists would fain loop back the curtains of the past, and show us its avenues, lost in the grey mists of the unknown. We live in an age of new departures. The childhoods of religion everywhere are made to tell the stories of their simple faiths. The row of sphinxes leading to the solemnities of the altar, though, with but a single exception, masculine, are no longer dumb. It is to Ra, to Mithras, to Baal, to Dianisi, Adonis, Helios, Wuoton the sun, the "sweetener of pain" they are dedicated. Max Muller, quoting from Arthur Helps, on the universality of sun worship, tells us it was "like a deep furrow which the heavenly luminary drew, in its silent procession from east to west, over the virgin mind of the gazing multitude; and in the impression left there by the first rising and setting of the sun, there lay the dark seed of a faith in a more than human being, the first intimation of a life without beginning and without end."

In the intellectual yearnings of humanity to compress the forces of Nature into anthropomorphitic forms, of which the mythologists have given us abundant proofs, we find the sun almost universally personified, and the deity dating his birth at the winter solstice. And since the day of the birth of the Saviour must ever remain a matter of conjecture, it need surely be no disgrace to Christianity that it, too, should finally accept this day, hallowed from unknown ages by the almost universal observance of man, as that from which to date the Redeemer's advent; the birthday not only of the sun, but of the Son

Primitive beliefs are tough. They are stamped with a seeming imperishableness on every ganglion of the human body. It is uncounted centuries since our Aryan fathers went out from the crowded cradle land in the far East, "tall, bare-limbed men,' as Canon Kingsley tells us, "with stone axes on their shoulders and horn-bows at their backs," followed by herds moving always westward, whither or why they knew not, only that the All-Father had sent them forth. And they carried with them the seeds of a cultus which had never become wholly dormant, blossoming in its poetic aspect, under Greek skies, springing anew in that magnificent city of unknown name which barbarians called Rome, and finding friendly refuge under the dark pines and firs of Germania and the oaks of Britannia.

In the Avesta the crow of the cock accompanies the flight of demons, wakens aurora, and arouses mankind. In the Scandinavian Voluspa, the cocks proclaim to the world the dawning of the last day. Gullin Kambi, golden crest, wakens heroes with his clarion call, while the ghostly hosts are called by

"A soot-red cock,
Beneath the earth,
In the halls of Hel."

The belief in the power of the cock to banish ghosts by his crow especially at Christmas time, was universal throughout mediæval Europe.

On Christmas day all plants are supposed to rejoice. In countries near the birthplace of our Lord, apples, cherries, carnations, balm and the rose of Jericho burst into bloom, while even in frigid England the Christmas rose flowers, and the miraculous thorn of Glastonbury, the staff of St. Joseph, which took root, leaved and flowered the very moment he thrust it into the earth, still renews its marvellous blooms on the night of the Nativity. He who on this day looks up through the branches of an apple tree will see the heavens open. The tree the Christmas sun shines upon will be loaded with fruit. At night it was customary to wassail the trees, putting hot cakes on the branches, throwing cider over them, at the same time singing,

"Apple tree, apple tree, bear apples for me!
Hats full, laps full, sacks full, caps full,"

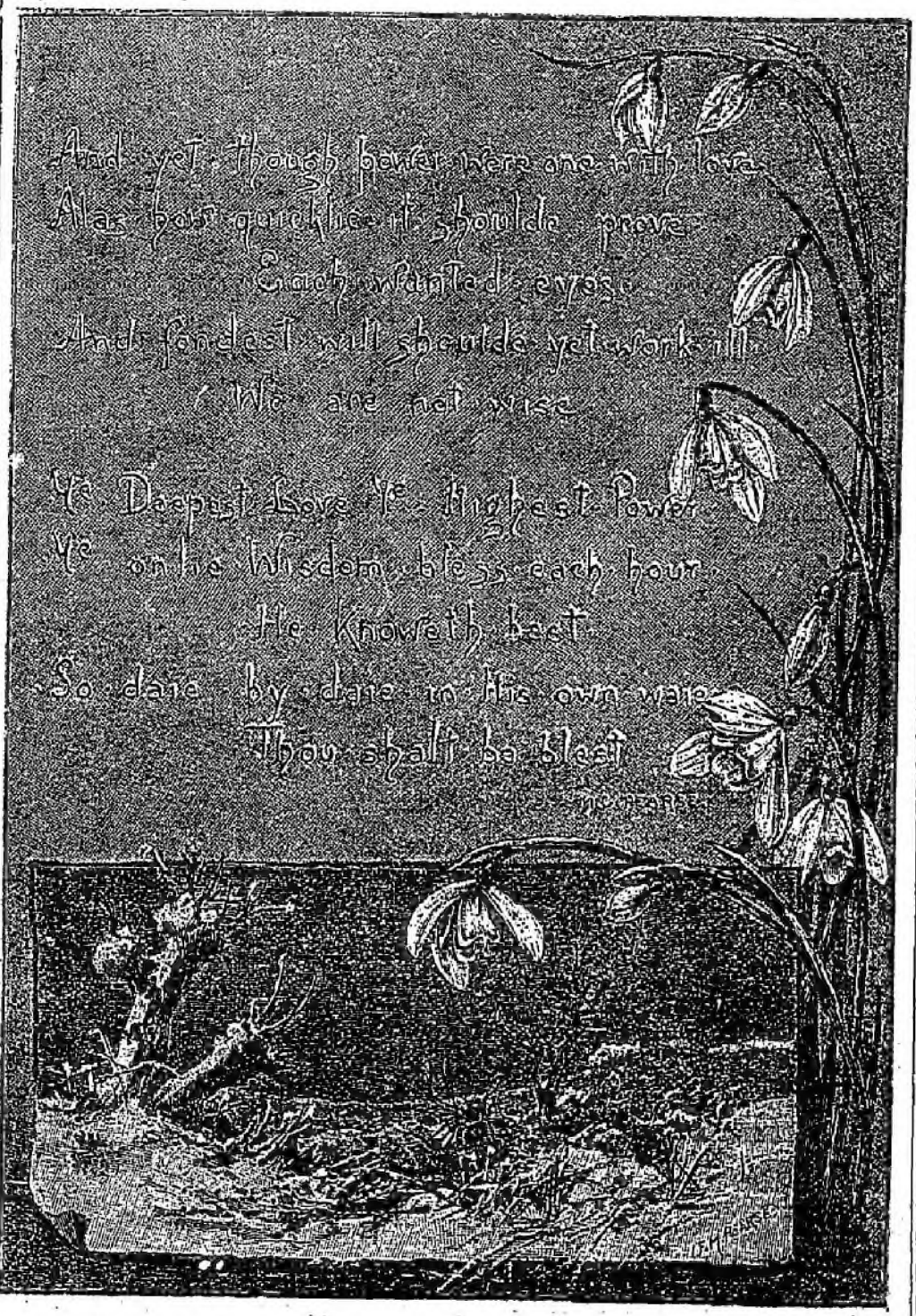
while in Germany, instead of offering oblations, they gave the trees a thorough thrashing, in order to make them bear.

From remotest times evergreens have been used in temple and house decoration. The Early Church bishops, from their pagan origin, in vain attempted to interdict their use. The fitness of such decorations seems instinctive in savage and civilized heart. What more fitting symbol of immortality than the eternal verdure of the holly! The Parsees believed it cast no shadow; and the water in which they baptized their infants was saturated with its leaves. Pliny thought its flowers possessed the power of freezing water and repelling poison, and, from its red berries, it was proof against witches and lightning. Red everywhere was a charm against evil spirits. The Scotch highlanders tied a red string around the tails of their cattle, as their women tied red silk around their fingers as a means of protection; a proof of pagan origin, for in Christian folk lore, Judas's hair and the devil's beard were red, and red-headed people were to be avoided.

Old time Christmas days were given up to boisterous sports. The lord of misrule reigned supreme. Churches were used to dance in, boys jumped in sacks, grabbed with their mouths at apples floating in water, leaped and tried to bite mouthfuls of treacle-covered cake, suspended by strings from the ceiling. The burning of the big Yule log was universal, and it was considered unfortunate for a squint-eyed person or a flat-footed woman to enter within its blaze. The brands left from the burning were sacredly kept as a protection against lightning, and for the kindling of the next year's log. In Norway, King Olaf, the saint, forbade the burning of the Yule fire, punishing the offenders with maiming or death. It was a belief, transported to America, that cattle kneeled in the attitude of prayer at midnight on Christmas eve. In castle and cottage there was wild feasting and wassailing. Everywhere, except in Puritan households, "mince'd pye" was an absolute essential, possibly because it was so obnoxious to the stern roundheads, whose bile flowed at its very name. They saw in it all kinds of popish abominations.

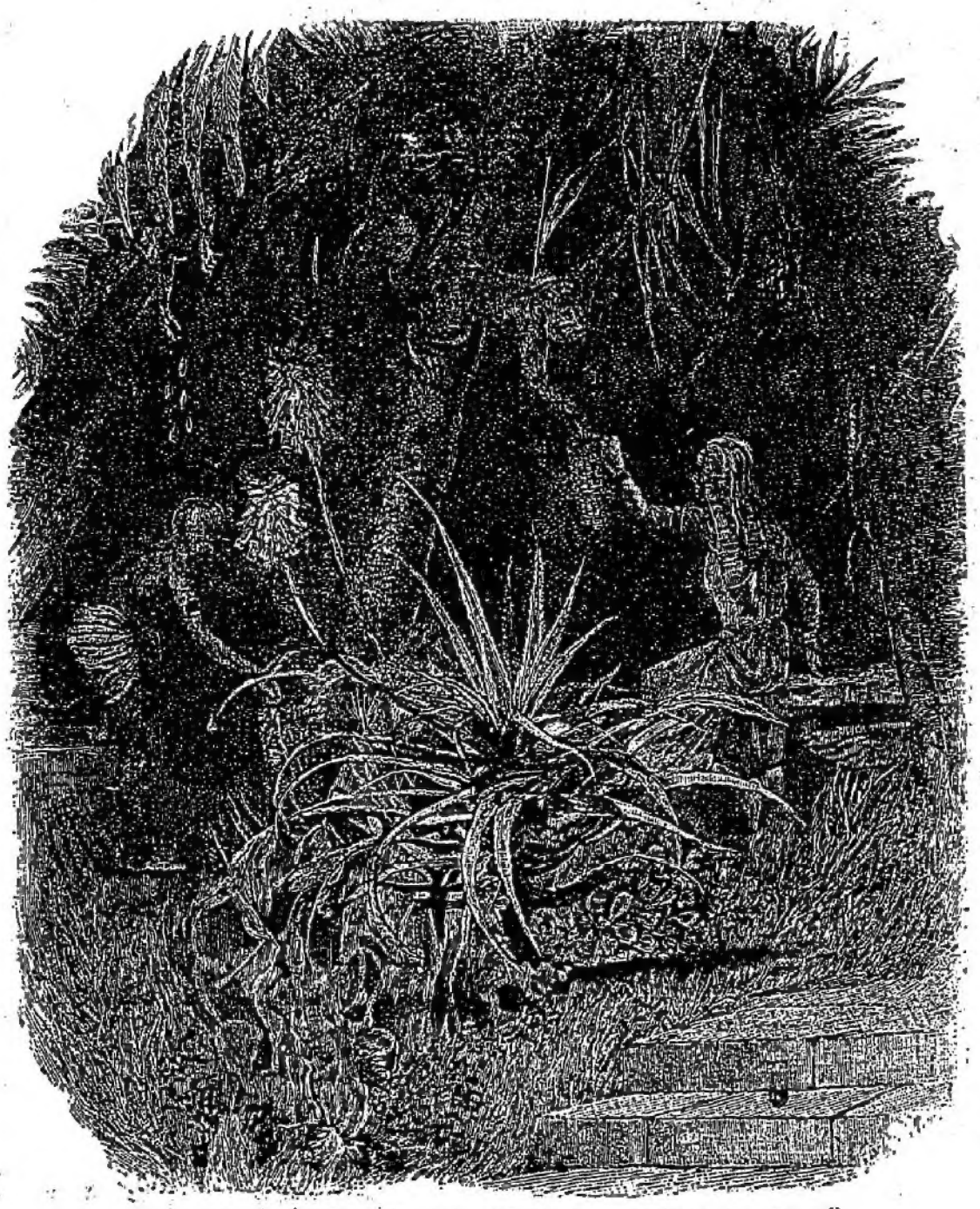
These usages are now mostly of the past. Washington Irving, in his "Sketch Book," has written charmingly of them. They were never transplanted to the New world. It was the land of Woutan that has furnished us our festivities. The poet Coleridge, writing from North Germany, describes Knecht Rupert, the reputed servant of Christ, to whom parents entrust their presents, going on Christmas eve from house to house, robed in white, with a mask and an enormous wig, and distributing gifts as if from the Saviour; to the good children good gifts; to the bad a whip, at the same time recommending in his master's name a liberal application of the latter. It is not Knecht Rupert, but the good St. Nicholas, the universal Saint in Western Europe, who is equally supreme in America. He was the patron saint of the honest Dutchmen who sailed in the "Goede Vrouw" for the "Nieuw Nederlands." Many are the miracles supposed to have been performed by the good bishop of Myra. From his infancy he was noted for his piety. On the day of his birth he arose in his bath, and, with clasped hands, praised God for being brought into the world. On fast and holy days he partook but once of the maternal breast. He multiplied corn; he stilled the raging sea; he restored murdered children to life; he was prodigal in his charities. Even after death he continued to perform good works. His festival falls on December 6th, at which time it was customary for parents of Roman Catholic belief to fill the stockings and shoes of the juniors with gifts, as coming from St. Nicholas. From the Romish church he has been transplanted into Protestant lands; he has decorated the Norse god's firs with lights and largesses; and millions upon millions of children have been and are made happy in his name.

The Christmas tide has lost much that it could well afford to lose. It has grown sweeter and more tender with the years; it has softened the orthodox heart; it has drawn humanity into still closer ties; and as, all along the ages, it has taught lessons of charity and love, so, to-day, more than ever it breathes Peace, Good-Will to Man. —*New York Independent.*


And yet though powr here are with love
Alas for quickest should prove
Each wanted eyes
And fondest will should yet work ill
We are not wise
Ye Deepest Love Ye Highest Power
Ye only Wisdom bless each hour
He Knoweth best
So dare by dare to His own care
Thou shalt be blest

WORKING MONKEYS.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.



"THE MONKEYS WERE SENT INTO THE TREES TO GATHER THE FRUIT."

Monkeys are very much like people in their ways. Whether the fact pleases us or not, we are obliged to admit it.

The baby monkey—droll little bundle of fur that it is—acts wonderfully like the darlings of our nurseries. It puts its fingers in its mouth, and it creeps on the ground; it plays with toys, and it laughs when tickled; it weeps when grieved, and it screams when angry; it moans when ill, coos when caressed, and squalls when left alone,—exactly as do human little folk.

When it is a little older, it plays and quarrels, drums on hollow logs to make a noise, jumps, swings, and performs feats of strength so like those in which our own youngsters delight as to be amazing to one who sees them.

Yet they are "full of mischief," we always say; and people chain them up or shut them in cages, where they fret themselves nearly wild. It is pitiful to see the restless creatures with nothing to help pass away the tedious hours; and it is not necessary that it should be so.

Should pet moneys, then, be allowed to smash the vases, scrub the wax-dolls, choke the baby, and perform the thousand other pranks their four busy hands fairly ache to do?

No, indeed! There's a better way. They can be cured of mischief just as two-handed little people are—by giving them something to do; by teaching them to work.

This is not so hard a task as one might think. Monkeys that live with people are always imitating what they see done, and work is as easy to learn as mischief—if one only thinks so. Why, then, should they not be taught to work? Long ago, in Egypt, it was discovered that four hands can be more useful than two, when properly trained. In those far-off days our four-handed relative was employed in certain services about the gardens. He it was, instead of a clumsy man-servant, who was sent into the trees to gather figs and other fruits. He handed them down to his master below, as we learn from the sculptures; though, to be sure, the picture-story does not fail to add that he did not entirely forget himself, and that many a tempting morsel found its way into his mouth. Would a boy have done any better?

This useful Egyptian servant belonged to the baboons, or dog-headed monkeys; and although when young the baboons are good-tempered enough and easily taught, their experience of life makes them cross, so that an old baboon is one of the ugliest of animals.

Monkeys in our own days do such wonders that perhaps we have no reason to doubt the story, told by an old writer, of one which used to be sent regularly to buy wine. This animal was a coaita, one of the spider monkeys, which are able to walk upright without much trouble. When sent on his errand, he had the jug in one hand and the money in the other, and he was wise enough to keep the money till the wine was ready, when he would pay for it and carry it home.

Nothing is harder work than playing for the amusement of other people; and more than two hundred years ago monkeys were taken to England to perform there in shows. They were dressed in fine clothes, in the fashion of the day, and they behaved with perfect propriety. They saluted the guests and one another by taking off their hats and bowing politely; they danced together the stately minuet and other fashionable dances, and they imitated many other social ceremonies.

They also did other things more difficult, if not quite so dignified. They performed on the tight rope, and turned somersaults with lighted candles or baskets of eggs in their hands, without putting out a light or spilling an egg. An old English writer, Evelyn, who kept a diary, tells about a visit he paid to these learned animals.

In our day, the monkey has not escaped from work,—in fact, he is learning to do more every day; and the time may perhaps come when he will be a common worker. In one part of Africa he is taught many useful tasks about a house,—such as holding the torches, which are used there to light up the room for a feast. Several monkeys are placed on a bench, each with his light to hold. There they must sit, and see others eat and drink and have merry times, while they dare not stir hand or foot lest they put out the lights. If they are very good, when the feast is over they have a supper themselves. But sometimes one gets tired and impatient, and flings his torch among the guests, and that monkey gets something else instead of his supper.

One of the most teachable of the race is the chimpanzee. In their native land young chimpanzees are caught when mere babies, and are taught to be very useful. They are able to carry pitchers of water on their heads as the people do, and to keep a fire going, or to watch the cooking. When they live among white people, they learn to sweep and dust, to clean boots and brush clothes.

Should they go to sea, they still contrive to be useful at furling sails and hauling ropes with the sailors: and if their home is with carpenters, they become equally expert with tools, even using hammer and nails properly.

Monkeys are quick to learn politeness and refined manners, for nothing seems to please them so much as to copy the ways of those about them. It is easy to teach them to eat with knife and fork, to drink from a cup or glass, and to use a napkin; they like it, too, and soon relish our food, and show likes and dislikes as strong as the most notional "spoiled child."

They take kindly to other ways of ours, —they enjoy sleeping in beds, and soon learn to "make them up." They like to be warmly dressed, and can readily learn to dress themselves; and they have their own tastes in colors.

In the Island of Sumatra the common monkey is the bruh, or pig-tailed monkey, and he becomes a docile and intelligent servant. What he has to do is to gather cocoanuts. Of course, nothing is easier for a four-handed fellow than to climb the tall trees and throw down nuts; but the bruh does better than that; he selects the nuts, gathering none but the ripe ones.

So useful is this animal, that gathering nuts has become, one may say, his trade, in that part of the world. A man having captured and trained a gang of them, marches them around the country to get in the harvest, hiring them out on different plantations.

Another valuable monkey is the chacma of Africa. When young, this baboon is very teachable, and is often kept by the Kaffirs as a domestic animal. He takes the place of a dog, growling when a stranger comes near; and if it becomes necessary to defend his master's property, he is much stronger than any dog.

The chacma easily learns to blow the bellows of a smith, and to drive horses or oxen; but his greatest use in that country is to find water.

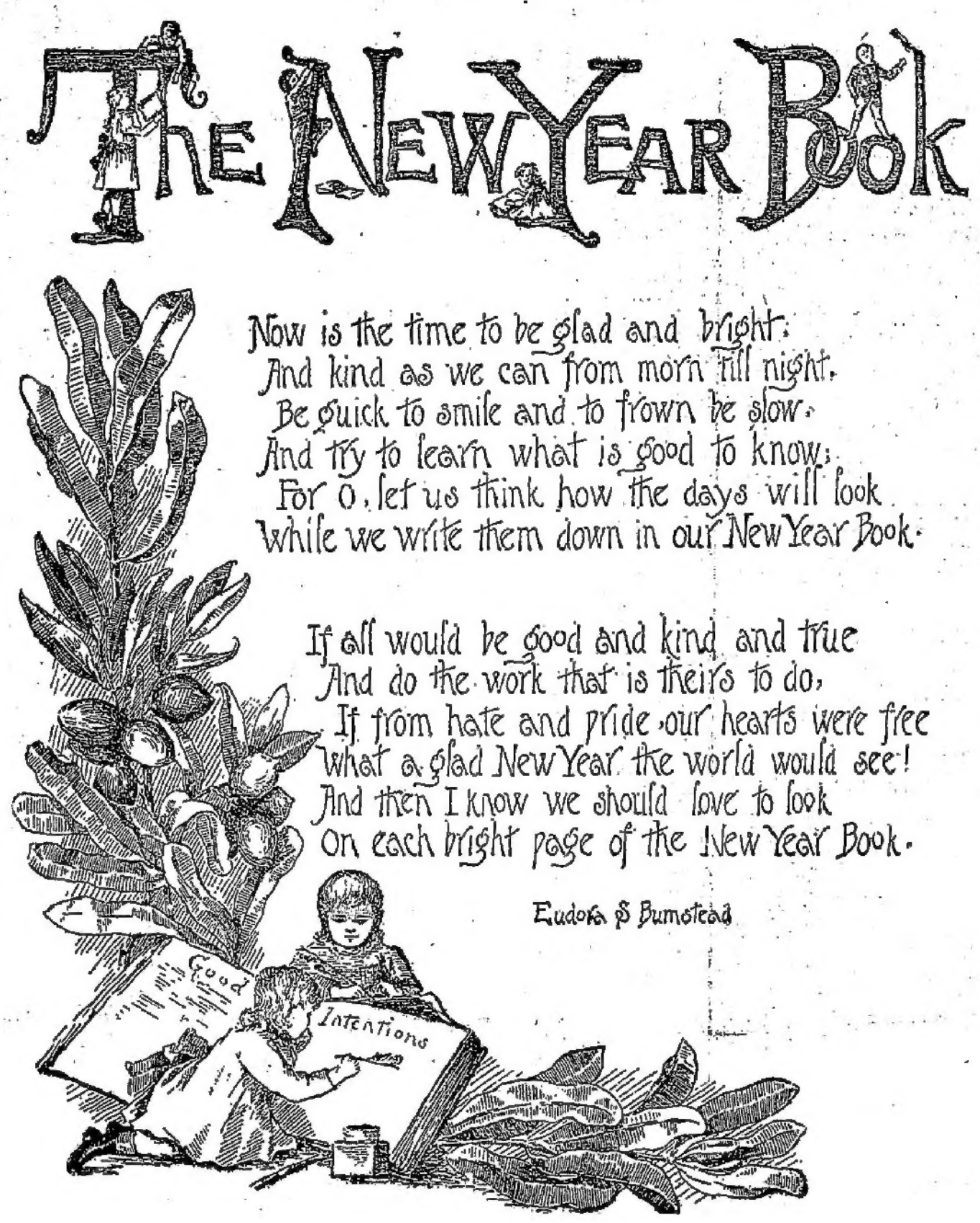
In the hot season, when the earth is parched, and springs and streams are dry, the owner of a tame chacma takes him out to hunt for the water they all must have.

The intelligent monkey seems to know what is wanted, or perhaps he knows by his own feelings what to look for, and he goes carefully over the ground, looking earnestly at every tuft of grass, and eagerly sniffing the breeze on every side. Whether he scents it or not is not known, but if there is water in the neighborhood, he is sure to find it. It may be a deep spring, in which case he sets to work digging down to it; and it may be a certain very juicy root, which often serves instead of water. He gets that out also; and let us hope he has his full share of it, to pay for his work.

Like the rest of the monkey family, the chacma gets very ugly as he grows older.

The lastest report of a monkey that works comes from Florida. It is a chimpanzee, trained to wait at table; and its owner says it does the work of four negro waiters. It wears a livery, and carries a napkin in the proper way. Its only weakness is so irresistible a fondness for sweets that it is obliged to take toll as it serves them.—*St. Nicholas.*

"ROCK-A-BYE BABY ON THE TREE-TOP."


THE NEW YEAR BOOK
Now is the time to be glad and bright:
And kind as we can from morn till night.
Be quick to smile and to frown be slow.
And try to learn what is good to know;
For O, let us think how the days will look
While we write them down in our New Year Book.
If all would be good and kind and true
And do the work that is theirs to do,
If from hate and pride our hearts were free
What a glad New Year the world would see!
And then I know we should love to look
On each bright page of the New Year Book.
Eudora S Bumstead
Good Intentions

THE KING'S GOLDFINCH.

One afternoon the good King Rhoud went to take his customary walk in the woods of Ledre, with his friend Earl Reigin, who felt very much alarmed about the dangerous enemies that were daily multiplying in the king's own palace. He urged the king to consider some means to prevent it, and to send immediately away from his household any whom he suspected of being treacherous or untrustworthy.

As they were walking and talking thus earnestly through the beautiful wood, they heard something scream piteously in a tree.

"It is only a little bird," said Reigin.

"It does not sing, it screams," said the king. "The poor thing is in trouble."

"Let it scream," said Reigin. "Just now we have more important affairs to think of than a little bird in a tree."

"The nearest duty first," said the king. "There is nothing more important just now." And he looked up into the tree.

"It is impossible to rescue it," said Reigin; "it sits too high up."

"In youth I learned to climb a tree; and am yet not so old that I have forgotten it."

"But there are no branches down below on the trunk," urged the earl.

"Then you must lift me. I am only a small man, not heavy to raise."

"But if you fall and get killed, it will be an eternal shame to have it said that our king lost his like for the sake of a bird."

"Many have lost it for less," said the king, as he prepared to climb the tree. So the strong, square shoulders of the earl helped to lift the slender, fragile king up the trunk; and thence he climbed and ventured himself out on the uppermost branch. He came down with a little goldfinch in his hand. It had caught its little leg in a narrow crevice of the wood, and could not fly.

"It shall be my adoption," said the king, tenderly stroking the feathers, "and the playmate of my little son."

He took the bird home and had a beautiful cage made for it.

"How childish the king is!" said one of his most faithful warriors, who disapproved of his giving time or thought to so small a thing as a bird. "At the moment when war is at the door, he finds time to save a little bird, and takes care of it himself. Does he not carelessly run into his own misfortune?"

Meanwhile their desire for vengeance never slept. The death of Rhoud was decided upon. He had discovered the secret conspirators; he had their destiny in his hands, and he must soon die. They had secretly sworn his death, and by promises and threatening had bribed the two slaves that waited on the king's bedchamber promising them liberty and great wealth if they helped in the king's destruction.

One day, when the king was hunting with his men, an oaken plank was loosened in the ceiling of the king's bed-chamber over his head, and by some ingenious contrivance they had made it keep in its place until some one could lower it down from the second story with a rope and let it fall. The king could thus be crushed on his couch, and the whole be thought a terrible accident.

The king returned at night late and weary, and went to bed. He soon was sound asleep and would probably have never risen again had not the little bird by screaming suddenly awakened him. He sat up in bed and, collecting his thoughts, perceived immediately that he had forgotten that day to give the little creature water and food, and at evening was so overcome by fatigue that he had no thought of it then. He sprang from his couch, saying:

"O! thou poor little creature! Did I save thy life to let thee perish?" With these words he poured water into the little glass, and put grain into the little cup.

Just then the plank fell from the ceiling with a tremendous noise, and striking the bed crushed it flat to the floor. There was a great commotion in the palace yard; the warriors awoke and seized their swords, the frightened servants rushed in with torches shaking in their trembling hands.

"The king is killed, is killed!" they cried. King Rhoud is crushed!"

But there stood the king, unhurt and smiling, with the bird cage in his hand, and he cried out to them:

"Do not fear, my friends; God keeps me with his hand."

When Earl Reigin heard how everything had happened, how the plank had fallen, and what had saved the king, he stood long speechless. Then, fixing his tearful eyes on the king, he said:

"I shall never again doubt a Divine providence."

"Then you can see, Reigin, one should not scorn little folk. Can a king save a bird? Then the bird can also save the king!"—*From the Danish.*

A CHILD'S VICTORY.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton Place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eye, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse, but I don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I am satisfied that I could do him up with the gloves on, but he wouldn't fight that way," added a second.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about eight years old approached and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but, meeting with only pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart in the spot with one effort.—*New York Sun.*

"GOOD ENOUGH BOYS."

"I made a bob-sled according to the directions given in my paper," said Fred Carroll, petulantly, "and it wouldn't run."

"So I believe," said his friend, George Lennon. "You also made a box telephone, and that didn't work."

"How do you account for it?" asked Fred, curiously.

George smiled as he answered quietly, "You did not make them according to directions."

"Didn't I put in everything required? What did I omit?"

"You omitted exactness. When you made the telephone, you did not draw the wire tight, as directed. You left it hanging slack, and when I spoke to you about it, you said it was 'good enough.'"

"I thought it would do."

"Of course you did! Then, in making the sled, you made two mistakes in your measurements. You nailed the forward cross-cleat about six inches from the end, thus interfering with the play of the front bob; and the guards were so low down that a fellow's knuckles scraped the ground. The consequence was, that there was no satisfaction in riding on the sled. It was a 'good enough' sled. Instead of being careful to have every measurement exact, you guessed at some, and made mistakes in others; and to every objection you replied that it was good enough. That generally means not good at all."

How many "good enough" boys are reading these lines? The boy who sweeps his employer's store, and neglects the corners and dark places, is sweeping "good enough." So is the boy who skims his lessons, or does the home chores in careless fashion.—*Christian Standard.*

THE REASON WHY.

The following anecdote is told of a young minister settled over a Scandinavian church in the United States, and is rather hard on church members who do not attend the prayer-meeting. "There is a member of my church," said he to a brother minister, "I want to expel." What is the matter with him? Oh, he bad man. Why, he said, what does he do? Does he steal? Oh, no, he no steal, I don't tink. Well, does he abuse his wife, some Scandinavians do among the lower classes. No, he don't do that. Is he dishonest in his business? No. Does he drink alcohol? No. What does he do? Oh, he bad man. What is the matter with him? Why he no come to prayer-meeting, and I tink he no read his Bible.

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Northern Messenger

A LENDING LIBRARY EVERYWHERE.

ATTRACTIVE PLANS FOR WORKERS AND CANVASSERS.

For a long time past the publishers of the *Northern Messenger* have felt the need of more and better books in the libraries of the Sunday schools throughout our country. Some schools have no libraries at all worthy the name and very few, even in the largest city churches, have one with which the Sunday school is perfectly satisfied. We venture to say there is not a live Sunday school superintendent or teacher in the whole country who has not in mind a dozen volumes which he strongly wishes could be placed on the shelves, if only the prices could be forthcoming. But just here lies the difficulty. Many of the people most actively interested in the school feel that they are giving quite as much as they can spare to that special branch of the work. Others are willing to contribute but advise the purchase of some special "Sunday school library" which they have seen advertised, imagining that, like other things, books are bought cheaper by the bulk. This last often results in serious drawbacks to the very library whose interests they are trying to advance. The best selection of books can never be purchased in bulk, and the very best libraries are those the books of which have been selected one by one. Recognizing the needs of the scholars and of the workers whose purses are limited we have though out a special plan.

OUR PLAN IS THIS.

Let some influential person in connection with each Sunday school organize as many of the young people as can give a little time and thought to the work, into a systematic band of workers who will thoroughly canvass the neighborhood for subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger*. These subscriptions may be forwarded by the organizer to us altogether or as they are received. For every ten subscriptions of thirty cents so sent fifty cents will be placed to sender's credit. When the full amount that can be obtained in the neighborhood is reached, and we are notified of the fact, we will send a list of books from which the canvassers, or those specially appointed by the school, may select to the amount of the commission to their credit. In addition to this if all the books you want are not on our list we engage to purchase, for which we have special facilities, any other books that may be chosen, if procurable, and send them in place of the others. In this canvass, two renewals to the *Northern Messenger* will count as one new subscription, and five to the *Messenger* as one to the *Weekly Witness*.

FOR DAY SCHOOLS.

The above plan is meant to benefit not the Sunday schools *alone*. The idea is fast gaining ground among people of this country that libraries should not be confined to the colleges, but that no Day school is completely equipped for the work required of it without a well stocked library. Children cannot begin too early to learn the use of books, and this they can never learn unless they have the books within their reach. Our premium lists this year have been designed with a special view to meet this want. On our lists are a number of books *not specially for Sunday reading*, but which at some time in their lives every boy and girl wants to read. The terms for the Day school are precisely the same as those given for the Sunday school.

SEE HOW THIS PLAN WORKS.

Say that fifty new subscriptions are sent in for the *Messenger* at thirty cents each, or one hundred renewals; in return, each of these families will receive the *Northern Messenger* for one year and the reading from the library of say ten of the handsomely bound volumes of the celebrated "Pansy" books, which would be donated to the Sunday or day school library, as the sender of the club decides. This will make a very nice addition to any library and one that it is certain all the pupils will appreciate.

The great essential for this work in either Sunday or day school is one, two or three generous, patriotic, energetic men or women, who are earnest and enthusiastic in the formation of such a library, particularly for the young, whose tastes for reading may be correctly formed. They should not have much difficulty in gathering to their assistance others like them, and the work once well begun is more than half completed.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

For the benefit of those friends who do not care to work in the Library Competition and still are anxious to engage in the canvass to increase its circulation, we give below the lists of clubbing rates and special book and other premiums, so that every worker may have an opportunity of benefiting himself directly as well as the *Messenger* and his neighbor.

CLUBBING RATES.

The clubbing rates for the *Witness* and *Messenger*:

Two subscriptions to the *Daily Witness* in one envelope	$5.00
For each additional subscriber added to this club sent at the same time	3.50
One subscription each to the *Daily* and *Weekly Witness* in one envelope	3.75
Four subscriptions to the *Weekly Witness* in one envelope	3.00
Ten subscriptions to the *Weekly Witness* in one envelope	7.00
Each additional subscription over ten sent *on behalf of this club*	.70
Daily Witness and *Messenger*	3.20
Weekly Witness " "	1.25

Northern Messenger.

Club of 10 copies to one address	2.25
" 20 " " "	4.40
" 50 " " "	10.50
" 100 " " "	20.00

To stimulate the ardor of the promoters of those libraries to think of large things, we will give a bonus of $1.25 when twenty-five dollars shall have been sent in on any library list and $1.75 in addition when the list swells to fifty dollars, $2 further when it grows to seventy-five dollars, and $2.25 more when it grows to one hundred dollars. Thus for a list of one hundred names and one hundred dollars we will give books to the value of $32.25 at wholesale prices, or to very nearly fifty dollars at retail prices. But we have a further incentive to large lists.

For the largest sum of money in subscriptions received before or on the last day of March, 1891, we will give to the school or library association in books as may be chosen or in cash	$100.00
For the second largest list we will give	50.00
For the third largest list we will give	25.00
" fourth " " " "	15.00
" fifth " " " "	10.00

BOOK PREMIUMS.

A careful reading of our new premium lists as given below will easily show our workers that our selection of books has been a wise one.

CHOICE BIOGRAPHIES.

This is a series of biographies of noted missionaries and other men, attractively bound and copiously illustrated. The titles are: 1. JAMES CALVERT or from Dark to Dawn in Fiji. 2. JOHN WYCLIFFE, and MARTIN LUTHER, the Morning Star of the Reformation and the Reformer. 3. JOHN WILLIAMS, the Martyr Missionary of Polynesia. 4. H. M. STANLEY, the African Explorer. 5. JOHN BRIGHT, the Man of the People. 6. RICHARD TANGYE, the Growth of a Great Industry. 7. GRIFFITH JOHN, founder of the Hankow Mission. 8. ROBERT MORRISON, the Pioneer of Chinese Missions. 9. DAVID LIVINGSTONE, His Labors and His Legacy. 10. WILLIAM CAREY, the Father and Founder of Modern Missions. 11. THOMAS J. COMBER, Pioneer Missionary to the Congo. 12. SAMUEL CROWTHER, the Slave Boy who became a Bishop. 13. ROBERT MOFFAT, the Missionary Hero of Kuruman. 14. JAMES CHALMERS, Missionary and Explorer of Rarotonga. 15. BISHOP PATTESON, the Martyr of Melanesia. 16. LADY MISSIONARIES in Foreign Lands. Any one of these books will be sent for six new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* or for one subscription to the *Weekly Witness* and five cents. These are new 50 cents books.

THE "PANSY" BOOKS.

This is the English edition of the Pansy Library, with about 400 pages in each book, very handsomely bound in cloth; large, clear type. When an old subscriber in renewing his subscription sends a new one with his own and $2., both will be entitled to any one of these books as may be chosen, that is the two bound Pansy books and the two copies of the *Weekly Witness* will be sent for $2, or any one of these books will be sent for five new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at 30c each or one new subscription to the *Weekly Witness* at $1.00.—1. Four Girls at Chautauqua. 2. Little Fishers and their Nets. 3. Three People. 4. Echoing and Re-Echoing. 5. Christie's Christmas. 6. Divers Women. 7. Spun from Fact. 8. Chautauqua Girls at Home. 9. The Pocket Measure. 10. Julia Reid. 11. Wise and Otherwise. 12. The King's Daughters. 13. Links in Rebecca's Life. 14. Interrupted. 15. The Master Hand. 16. An Endless Chain. 17. Esther Reid. 18. Esther Reid Yet Speaking. 19. The Man of the House. 20. Ruth Erskine's Crosses. 21. Household Puzzles. 22. Those Boys. 23. Modern Prophets. 24. The Randolphs. 25. Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On. 26. From Different Standpoints. 27. A New Graft on the Family Tree. 28. Profiles. 29. Sydney Martin's Christmas. 30. Tip Lewis.

PANSY BOOKS IN PAPER COVERS.

Any subscriber to the *Messenger* who sends in with his renewal subscription one new one, each at thirty cents, will receive one of the Pansy Stories; for five cents extra the new subscriber will also receive one of these books. Each story is in an illuminated paper cover and illustrated. The names of the stories published in this form are as follows: 1. The King's Daughters. 2. Wise and Otherwise. 3. Four Girls at Chautauqua. 4. The Chautauqua Girls at Home. 5. Three People. 6. An Endless Chain. 7. Esther Reid. 8. Esther Reid Yet Speaking. 9. Ruth Erskine's Crosses. 10. Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On. 11. Chrissie's Endeavor. 12. Links in Rebecca's Life. The last three have been added within a few weeks.

THE "ELSIE" BOOKS.

This is a series of high class books for girls, and suitable for Sunday school prizes, as well as for general reading. These are bound in the same style and about the same size as the bound Pansy books. The charm to many girls of the "Elsie" books, as well as those by "Pansy," is that they do not stop where the heroine is married, but they carry her, in volume after volume, through all the scenes of her life. A young lady writes of these books:—"Once read 'Elsie Dunsmore,' and you are sure to want 'Elsie at Roselands,' and 'Elsie's Girlhood.' Finish these and the others must all follow." The testimony from one library in Montreal is that "the 'Elsie' books are never in." These are sent on the same conditions as the bound "Pansy" books. The titles are: 1. Elsie Dunsmore; 2. Elsie's Holidays at Roselands; 3. Elsie's Girlhood; 4. Elsie's Womanhood; 5. Elsie's Motherhood; 6. Elsie's Children; 7. Elsie's Widowhood; 8. Grandmother Elsie; 9. Elsie's New Relations; 10. Elsie at Nantucket; 11. The Two Elsies; 12. Elsie's Kith and Kin; 13. Elsie's Friends at Woodburn; 14. Christmas at Grandma Elsie's.

HAVERGAL DEVOTIONAL BOOKS.

These form a series of seven beautiful little books by Frances Ridley Havergal, which sell for twenty-five cents each. We will send any two for five new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at 30 cents each. The titles are "Kept for the Master's use," "My King; or daily thoughts for the King's Children"; "Royal Commandments, or Morning Thoughts for the King's Children"; "Royal Bounty, or Evening Thoughts for the King's Guests"; "The Royal Invitation, or Daily Thoughts on Coming to Christ"; "Loyal Responses, or Daily Melodies for the King's Minstrels"; "Starlight Through the Shadows, and Other Gleams from the King's Word."

FOXE'S BOOK OF MARTYRS.

(Size 7 x 10 x 1½ inches.) edited by Dr. Clarke M.A. This is a volume of 934 large pages with pictorial illustrations on toned paper. This book will be sent for twenty subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger*.

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By Jamieson, Fausset & Brown, (size 5½ x 7½ x 2 inches.) This old standard work of 1,745 pages, we can offer at specially advantageous terms. We will send it for fifty subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger*.

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The same book, in Ruby type, will be sent for thirty subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at thirty cents.

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New edition, revised, extended and improved up to date; 100,000 references, comprising many thousands of new words which modern literature, science and art have called into existence and common usage; with pronunciations, etymologies, definitions, appendices of proper names, illustrations, familiar proverbs and quotations and geographical names. It is well printed on good paper and well bound, a volume of 816 pages, and wonderful value for the price. It will be sent postage free for fifteen subscriptions to the *Messenger*.

CRUDEN'S COMPLETE CONCORDANCE

to the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha, edited by William Youngman. The publishers claim for this work that it is "The best and completest edition in the world of Cruden's Complete Concordance to the Bible; contains a concordance to the Apocrypha, alphabetical lists of the proper names in the Old and New Testaments with their meaning or significations in the original languages, a concordance to the proper names, a summary to the contents of all the chapters of the New Testament; more references and more supplementary matter of great value than in any other popular concordance."

This most valuable volume will be sent on the same conditions as Nuttall's Dictionary.

SONGS OF THE GREAT DOMINION,

selected and edited by William Doaw Lighthall, M. A. This is a most beautiful book, well suited to gift purposes. It is the best collection of Canadian songs extant. It is obtaining a large sale in England, and deserves to be very largely circulated in Canada. It contains a wealth of Canadian poetry which is quite a revelation to most readers. This book will be sent free to any old subscriber who sends his own and three more subscriptions to the *Weekly Witness* at $1.00 each; or two subscriptions to the *Daily Witness* at $3.00 each; five subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at 30 cents each to count as one to the *Weekly Witness*.

NUGENT'S FRENCH-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-FRENCH DICTIONARY.

This is a small but valuable standard French and English Dictionary. This book will be sent for ten subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at 30 cents each.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Universal Edition of Shakespeare, large type, from the earliest edition of Shakespeare. This is a volume of 1,124 clearly printed pages. This book will be sent on the same conditions as Nugent's French Dictionary.

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For those who enjoy working for other useful articles besides books we provide the following:—

OTHER PREMIUMS.

ANEROID BAROMETER, for telling the prospective changes in the weather. Every farmer should have one. Sent for fifteen new subscriptions to the *Weekly Witness* at one dollar each; one subscription to the *Daily Witness* to count as two to the *Weekly*.

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BLACK WOOD THERMOMETER, eight inches, on same terms as Dairy Thermometer.

BOXWOOD THERMOMETER, eight inches, sent for ten new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at thirty cents; two new subscriptions to the *Weekly Witness* or one to the *Daily Witness*.

MINIMUM THERMOMETER, Boxwood, eight inches, which will register the lowest temperature during the night; sent for fifteen subscriptions to the *Messenger* at thirty cents.

CASE OF DRAWING INSTRUMENTS sent on the same terms as the Minimum Thermometer.

RUBBER EYE GLASSES, colored, to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun and snow; sent for ten new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at thirty cents, or two new subscriptions to the *Weekly Witness*, at $1 each.

NICKEL SPECTACLES, best quality glass. Instructions how to choose the proper numbers will be sent to each winner. A pair of these spectacles for twenty subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at thirty cents each.

EYE-GLASSES, nickel, best quality glass, no easier or better fitting eye-glass made. Sent on the same conditions as spectacles.

HAND READER OR MAGNIFIER, two and a quarter inches in diameter; silver plated rim and ebony handle. Sent on same terms as spectacles.

SCHOLARS' MAGNIFIERS, in folding handle, sent for five new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at thirty cents each. These are useful for the study of botany or for examining grain or cloths.

PICTURES.

Good pictures are always in demand. We offer no new picture this year, but again advertise those of last year, orders for which are continually dropping in. They are:

"A Scottish Raid," by Rosa Bonheur.
"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.
"The Angelus," by Millet.
"Christ before Pilate," by Munkacsy.

One old and one new subscription to the *Weekly Witness*, at $1.00 each, or ten new subscriptions to the *Northern Messenger* at thirty cents each, will entitle each subscriber to any one of these pictures as he may choose. Any subscriber remitting $1.15 with his renewal subscription to the *Weekly Witness* will have his choice of these pictures.

THE PAPERS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Newfoundland and Canada at the present are foreign countries, according to the postal union regulations, which theoretically controls the foreign postage rates between the different countries affected by it. Under these regulations the postage on the copies of the *Weekly Witness* going to Newfoundland is two cents a copy, it being a shade heavier than the single rate weight. The postal authorities of the two countries, however, tacitly accept the paper at one rate, being one cent an issue or fifty-two cents a year. We, therefore, require to add fifty cents to the price of the *Weekly Witness* going to Newfoundland either singly or in clubs; that is, if a single subscription is sent the price will be $1.50; if a club of four $1.25 for each, and if a club of ten $1.20 for each.

Twenty-six cents must be added for postage to the price of each copy of the *Northern Messenger*, whether singly or in clubs.

On account of the heavy custom duties we are prohibited from sending any of the books or special premiums to the United States, but hope our friends in the United States will take advantage of the clubbing rates and picture premiums.

To start a club it is not necessary to send in the whole number at once. All lists marked competing will be placed to the credit of the sender.

Cash must be sent with each list, by registered letter, P.O. money order or express money order.

Never send remittances and names in different envelopes.

We will send sample copies to any whose names and addresses you may send us; but they must be on a separate sheet from any other communications. Blank forms and sample copies supplied free on application.

Write the subscriber's name, Post Office and Province or State very plainly, so as to avoid mistakes.

Give the name of premium earned.

Address all communications,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Witness Office, Montreal.

TO READERS ALL.

"All the other pages stereotyped and half a column too much for the last, where are you going to put this?" calmly asked the printer as the last tale of "copy" for this *Messenger* was handed in.

Here is a predicament! All sorts of good wishes to old friends and new and no room to say them. Well, there is this consolation that if "A Merry Christmas" beamed out of every page of our last number just so does a New Year greeting shine forth from this. No truer wishes for a Happy New Year could go out to our readers than our new plans for our workers which so fill this page. Read them carefully, friends of the *Messenger*, act upon them as faithfully as you have done in the past, and see if they do not bring you, and to all new subscribers as well, the best elements of what is now our heartiest wish for you all,

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"